Two Lucky Men.

Having been asked many times regarding my fortunate investment in the Louisiana State Lottery, I do not object to making a statement concerning it, said A. Keller, as our reporter asked for a statement. Some time since I was a member of a club for one month and sent a couple of dollars to the Louisiana State Lottery, but without drawing any prize. This time I sent one dollar in my own name, and received one-twentieth of tacket No. 34,281 in return. This ticket drew the third capital prize of tieth of ticket No. 34,281 in return. This ticket drew the third capital prize of \$50,000. I sent my ticket for collection and within five days I received a draft on the Bank of Commerce, at St. Louis, for \$3,500. I have not used the money I am well pleased with my investyet. I am well pleased with my invest ment of one dollar. Of course I was de ment of one dollar. Of course I was de-lighted. I have determined to invest this money in real estate, and hope to double it by another fortunate invest-ment. The Lottery company certainly dealt fairly with me, and I shall patron-ton beau again.—Lunar (Ma.) Demograf. ize them again. - Lamar (Mo.) Democrat,

Shortly before the May drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, John Shultz, a driver of a slop wagon, purchased one-twentieth of ticket No. 38, 847, which drew on May 14th, \$100,000. The ticket was placed with the Salina National bank on May 20th for collection, and on May 31, the bank paid to Shultz \$5,000. He has been in the habit of investing each month for some time past, and at last has realized his dream of years.

ream of years.

A beautiful 80-acre farm, well stocked A beautiful co-acre larm, well stocked will soon be in the possession of Jno, Schultz, the slop wagon driver, as he stated to a Republican representative that he was now negotiating to exchange his \$5,000 for a home in his old age. Salina (Kas.) Republican, June 6.

Tried in Valu to Desert.

A Southern brigadier was heard to tell a good story of how he came to be a rebel commander. Said he: "I an an Englishman bred and born, and when the war broke out I didn't care a straw on which side I fought, though I fancied I wanted to be in the midst of the fighting. Finally I got in with a lot of Southerners, and was elected Captain of a company, but I soon saw I was on the wrong side if I wanted to get on. At least so I thought, and I made up my mind to desert at the lirst opportunity. ity. The opportunity came at Fredericksburg, when my company was likely to be useful. A Federal battery was tearing down the road toward us when Stonewall Jackson rode up to me and said: 'Captain, keep your eye on those guns. The moment they are unlim-Here was the opportunity I had been looking for. I at once determined to charge the battery and stay inside the Union lines when I once got there. The moment came and I led the charge, but didn't want to hurt them, when, to my surprise, the entire battery to their heels, and, try my level best, I could not catch up with them. I came back utterly crestfallen, but 'Stonewall' seized me by the hand and declared that I was a Major from that

Another native, of the Emerald Isla raised a laugh in court by displaying a scar on his head about the size of the knob of a fire shovel, which he considered conclusive evidence that he was mar-

judge, puzzled, "Because, Monsieur President, I have been in prison all that time."

"Yer honor," exclaimed an unwilling juryman, "will you excuse me from serving?"
"Why should I excuse you?" asked

the judge.
"I have a good excuse, yer honor."
"State your excuse or take your seat."
"I has ther itch, yer honor."
"Scratch him off, Mr. Clerk," said the

A bill has been presented in the Legisla-ture of Jalisco, Mexico, for the prohibition in that State of bull and cock lights.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Casteria,

A factory for making attar of rose and other flower essence is just being established at Atlanta, Ga.

SHERIFF'S SALE. Smoke the Sheriff's Sale Segar, a straight Oc H avana Segar for Se.

Washington Territory's Constitutional Convention will be composed of forty-six Republicans and twenty-nine Democrats.

A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarth Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Weak and Weary

Describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilia is just the medicine needed to overcome that thred feeling to purify and quicken the aluggish blood, and restore the fost appetite. If you need a good medicine be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My appetite was poor, I could not sicep, had headache a great deal, pains in my back, my bowels did not move regularly. Hood's Sarsaparilis in a short time did me so much good that I feel like a new man. My pains and aches are relieved, my appetite improved." Grongs F. Jackson, Royburg Station, Coun.

lieved, my appetite improved."
JACKSON, Roxbury Station, Coun.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepaid only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass



ARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. III PIII. Small Dose. Small Price



## REV. DR. TALMAGE. Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Heavenly Heights.

Friends-Glorious Greetings for All and Eternal Reunion.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at Hampston, Sunday on the subject: "Our House on the Hills." His text was John, xiv., 2—In my father's house are many rooms." He said: Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were and and cure all. The disciples were sad and Christ offered beaven as an alternative, Christ offered heaven as an aiternative, a stimulent, and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that though now they live on the lowlands they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the bible descriptious of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed so as to give the more accurate meaning, says: "In my fathers house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out.
In some healthy neighborhood a man
builds a very commodious habitation.
He must have rooms for all his children.
The rooms come to be called after the the rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room. That is George's room. That is Henry's room. That is Flora's room. That is Mary's room. And the house is all occupied. But time goes by and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes the world and build their own homes and the daughters are married or have talent enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After awhile the father and mother are almost alone in the big house and, seated by the evening stand, they say: "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grand-children come with them, and perhaps children come with them, and perhaps great grand-children, and again the

iouse is full. Many millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, an-gelic. The eternities passed on and many of the inhabitants became way-ward and left never to return. And many of the apartments were vacant. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoc-

cupied room in all the house.

"In my Father's house are many rooms." You see the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. An ingenious statistician, taking the statemoment. I had intended to desert and had earned promotion. I never tried it ment made in Revelation, xxi., that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion 988 quintillion cubic feet, and then reserving a certain por-tion for the court of heaven and the "Frisoner at the bar," said a Judge, "is there anything you would wish to say before seatence is passed upon you"

The prisoner looked toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good evening," if it was acceptable to streets, and estimating that the work A French judge once asked a man, this world will have plenty of room at A French judge once asked a man, who was on trail, if he had been condemned before. The reply was: "Not that I recollect. Certainly not during the last five years."

'Why not for five years?" inquired the judge provided in the last of the room that the statiscian cinetal cineta "In my father's house are my palace. "In my father's house are my rooms." Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text let us join bands and go up to this majestic homestead

and see for ourselves.

As we ascend the golden steps an in-As we ascent the gotter style and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. This is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed control of the old place in which it spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guestar-rived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abei. In that room Christ loving-ly greeted all new comers. What a minute when the ascended spirit first

sees the Lord!

Better than all we ever read about him or talked about him or sang about him in all the churches and through all him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime will it be, just for one second, to see him. At that mo-ment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you look-ing upon Christ, there will be an ees-tatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long are Christ need no introduction. Look! They need no introduction. Iong ago Christ chose that repentant sinner and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul. The spul and Jesus.

The soul and Jesus.

But now into that reception room But now into that reception room pour the glorious kinsfolk. See what heaven has done for them! So radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely. They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant; though they were in some other world on errand from God a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, ny lost friend, are we here together?" What scenes have been witnessed in that reception room of the old homestead!

Another room in our father's house is the throne-room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne-room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence.

The gates of the earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and, if so, how much more severely the throne-room. A dazzling place it is for mirrows and all coatly art. No one who ever saw the throne-room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter K faming from the ceiling. What a confagration of brilliance the throne-room of Charles Immanuel of Sardiala, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boulface of Italy! But the throne-room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne-rooms. pour the glorious kinsfolk. See what heaven has done for them! So radiant,

Ferdinand of Spans, England, of Boulace of Italy I But hath throne-room of our Father's house hath throne-rooms that ever may scepter wave or crown glitter or foreign amhasander bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of space, a throne of universal funities, a throne of universal

dominion. The crowns of the royal families of this world are tossed about from generation to generation and from family to family. There are children a years old in Berlin who have seen the years old in Berlin who have seen the crown on three emperors. But whereever the coronets of this world rise or 
fall they are destined to meet in one 
place. And I look and see them coming 
from north and south, and east and west, 
the Epanish crown, the Italian crown, 
the English crown, the Turkish crown, 
the Russian crown, the Persian crown, 
aye, all the crowns from under the 
archivolt of heaven; and while I watch 
and wonder they are all flung in rain of and wonder they are all flung in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run, His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till sun shall rise and set no more."

Another room in our Father's house is music of heaven that there must be music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian or-ganists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that here ganists and Christain choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth there must be for them some place of especial delectation. I can not give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven. I can not imagine either the solo or the doxology. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller dying at Beaufort, S. C. said: "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the window!"

up! Open the window!"

In that music-room of our Father's house you will some day meet the old Christian masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose; and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand;" and Dr. Reffles, who wrote of "High in vonder realms of light;" and Isaac Watts who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years; and side by side, Augustus Toplady, who has got by side, Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists; and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song-maker as he was great as a preacher, and the author of "The Village Hymns." The poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna, and the poorest playe there more more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh! that music-room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and anti-

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may cor-respond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorroom they all gather, and joys and sor-rows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the wed-dings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving re-tains. Will the children descript reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no; everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth we would consider it a domestic disaster if they staid children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured; while our parents who were aged and infirm here we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If 40 or 45 or 59 years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that and the heavenly old age will retreat to that.

When we join them in that family-room we shall have much to tell them. We shall want to know of them right away such things as these: Did you see us in that struggle? Did you know when we lost our property and sympa-thize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased celebrate the hour of our conversion? But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronation, the story of news from all immensity, story of conquerors and hierarchs, story of wicked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolical revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire, and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. Surely that family-room will be one of the most fa-vored rooms in all our father's house.

What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry.

How would it do for my sermon to leave you in that family-room today? I am sure there is no room in which you am sure there is no room in which you had rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our father's house. There may be picture galleries penciled not with earthly art but by some process unknown to this world, preserving for the next world the brightest and most stu-pendous scenes of human history. And there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved for heavenly inspec-tion in something whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought. Rooms beside rooms. Rooms over rooms. Large rooms. Majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my father's house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necesfor us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way and Christ is the way; and we must enter at the right door and Christ is the door; and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The new testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, eneralds are nothing, chrysophrasus is nothing; illumined panels of sunrise and sunest, nothing; the aurors of the northern heavens, nothing—compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleaned feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the beavenly hill-tops the old family homestead? "In my takes are many reems."

WHY HE DIDN'T JOIN.

While Every One Else Becomes Spiritually Awakened, Old Ab is

Last fall they held a protra neeting at the Coon Run "meetin house," and the result was a great spiritual awakening throughout Pos-sum Ridge. Old Ab Tucker was the only man in the settlement who, in the language of Deacon Buster, "remained cold an' unconsarned erbout his soul's welfare." The minister had fished for old Ab and the committees had visited him, but he held off and refused to come out of the darkness. Finally the preacher went to see old Ab person-

ally.
"Brother Tucker," he said, "have you ever thought seriously of this matter of the salvation of your soul?" "Wal, I've thought right smart fust

an' last." "And hasn't it ever appeared to you that you ought to repent of your sins

and lead a better life?" "I dunno of it hain't at odd times." "Well, then, why don't you turn your back on the world at once?" "Wal now, parson, tooky here.

dunno es I rightly un'erstan' this business, an' know fer shore jest what sin is, but betwixt you an' me, it don't pear like I've been bad ernuff to git scairt erbout it."

doubt, but can't you recall little things in your daily life that were wrong?"

"I dunno es ter thet. I tradec pin', an' mine wusn't wuth er cuss, an feller up thar?" "Indeed they are."

"Air, eh? Wal, I wusn't settled in ny min' erbout thet, but I 'lowed they didn't pay no 'tention ter sech things es hoss swoppin'. It mout be counted up agin me erbout sellin' uv that 'ere dead steer to them city folks fer beef?"

Don't 'pear like it 'ud hurt-nothin'. lied. Reckon mebby I orten ter sold spilt aigs to them folks whut got up er linner fer ther pore?"

way. Begosh, I s'pose it wasn't right proper in me keepin' ther Widder mong my haugs?"

"Yes, indeed."

up ergin me 'bout feedin' them hogs I sold wheat bran ter make 'em weigh up." "Yes, that's against you."

an' puttin' grease inter ther butter, an' workin' right smart o' corn stalks inter loads o' corn that goes ter market, an' all sech leetle things like them I reckon won't be counted up fer nothin'."

and will have to be accounted for."

ergin me then I'm er goner."

epent and forgiveness will follow." "I'll be all right then, will I?"

"An' kin go right on jest es I hey in' it won't be counted?" "Oh, no. You must repent and re orm. Leave off all your bad habits

Montfort in Detroit Free Press. A Count's Title Posted for Sale. Madame Lina Moletti is a blackeyed raven-haired, vivacious little Frenchwoman, who comes to this city at frequent intervals with samples of the latest novelties in millinery from establishments in the French capital. She is in the city now, and has been for the last three weeks at the Hotel Griffon, No. 19 West Ninth-st. Mme. Moletti had been reading in certain newspapers that Americans were fond

got one, an' ther ole'omans workin' him in ther new groun' corn." several days ago as follows: A nobleman would transfer title by adop do the plowing yourself?"

publicity about such a transaction,' she said to a Tribune reporter last night, "for they are common enough in Europe. I know Count Carlo di Carpl, of Italy, who has lived in Paris several years, and I once heard him say he would sell his title for \$30,000. thought if I could find a purchaser here I would conduct the negotiations secretly and get a nice little commission out of it. The Count didn't know keer fer ther little walk o' twenty that I intended to advertise. My idea miles."—Time. was to find the purchaser first and then not to reveal his identity to the Count until he agreed to give me the com-mission. I thought it would be worth

oof Isn't it sad?"

The little woman seemed to think the whole thing a rather good joke, in spite of her failure to capture a commission in her first venture as a titular broker.-New York Tribune.

If ye go not weakly blinded

Lured not by flitting beauty From the narrow path of duty, Much there is that may be done There is much that may be done

"You are a sober, honest man, no

osses with ole Joel Wade one't, an' I reckon I got er leetle ther best o' ther swap, for Joel's hoss was wath sum-I knowed hit. But I reckon little things like that hain't held up ergin er

"Of course," "Wal, I'm derned of I'd a thought it. when none of 'em knowed the steer

"That was very wrong." "I'd a never thought o' it thet air

Bunton's ole red barrer whot got in er-"That was a very grave sin."
"Was, eh? Wal, I'm dinged sorry,

fer I'd like ter do right, an' I hate ter give that barrer up. D'yer reckon little things like that 'ud count for very much?"

"An' I spect they'll hev it figgered

"I 'lowed it mout be, I guess workin' off cholera chickens onter ther peddler

"They're all sins, Brother Tucker,

"Wal, parson, I s'pose ye'r po sted up in sech matters, an' know how ther lan' lay, but I been er goin' erlong thinkin' that all them leetle things wouldn't ermount ter shucks, an' I felt like es if I wasn't goin' ter hev no sins ter answer fer, an' I wan't skeered pone. But ef sech triflin', insignifercant things is goin' ter be held up

"Oh, no, brother; you have but to

and lead a different life." "Uh huh. That's jest what I wus erfeerd uv. Seems like gittin' religion comes down purty hard on er feller. I'd like ter jine yer, parson, an' go erlong er ther rest, but it 'ud be a leetle grain too strainin' on me, I reckon. I don't min' ther repentin', but ther tuther part sticks me, fer I've

cackilated on doin' er heeps o' hoss

swappin this winter."-Thomas P.

of foreign titles, and with the idea of doing a little business in a new and untrammelled field, she advertised

tion or otherwise for pecuniary consideration.

L. A. C., 196, Office. "I didn't think there would be any on per cent, shouldn't you think so,

"Why is it sad?" asked the reporter.
"Well, said Mms. Moistif, "you see

Count di Carpi will be overcome by th publicity and may kill himself, or be may kill me first; and then, you see, I'll have to horsewhip the reporter who betrayed mo. He promised not to tell the name of the nobleman if I'd let him know who it was. I fooled him, though, by telling him it was Count Carti, whose family is one of the most aristocratic in Italy. Count di Carpi one had a great fortune, but he was ruined in the recent panic brought about by the crash in Panama shares. Do I expect to seil the title now? Well, hardly. The market is spoiled by the pub-licity."

So Much May Be Done. There is much that may be done While the gittering lifesands run; Or a selfish melancholy; Or a love of ease and leisure:

By a gentle, loving one! Hy a genue, loving one: Her sweet mercy's prayer to breathe; Her the manly brow to wreathe In fadeless garlands from above, Gemmed with the dew of Heaven's love; To soothe the careworn, troubled breast, To guard the weary pilgrim's rest, To close the eyes of age and youth, To whisper of celestial truth, Much-ah, much-may e'er be done By a gentle, loving one. Hebrew Journal.

Sham Tastes.

It is difficult to breathe the subtle elixir of culture which prevades the smoky atmosphere of Chicago without becoming intoxicated. Some constitutions are so delicately poised that a single whiff of the exhibarating perfume trai, worts them beyond the bonds of tr. h and common sense into a region w we pretense and falsehood are an int . lectual pastime, a refined calisthenic exercise warranted to make the wits and and supple. The number of fibs daily deposited on the local altar of culture will never be registered, for the affable goddess keeps no accounts with her votaries, but a safe estimate would place it far away in the thousands. How many Browning clubs would flourish if their sole reliance were a sympathetic admiration of the poet and his work? How much of this season's enthusiasm for Shakspeare is due to a genuine appreciation of his greatness and a modest, unostentatious desire to follow as far as possible the exalted

interest in the influence of his work

upon the artistic thought of the age?-

me or this infernal old road."

Edgar Allen Poe.

thy of a place among the three great-

est poets America has produced, and

aithough Mr. Stoddard paints him as

having been a scoundrel and a thief of

the worst dye, there are thousands of

educated English and American read-

ers who yet have faith in the genius

Poe may not have been quite as pure

and undefiled a saint as some of the

great, immaculate, alleged American

critics who stab his memory in fits of

cowardly jealousy, but he was so men-

tally superior to this curious little

conglomeration of ephemeral pigmies,

that all the obloquy they heap on his

grave will not serve to blind the Eng-

lish reading people to their true motives .- Alexander N. De Menil, in St.

Not in Good Trim for Work.

Traveler-Where are you going, my

Possum Ridge Citizen-Goin' down

"It's twenty miles. Why don' you

"Hain't got no hoss ter spare. Jest

"Why don't you stay at home and

"You don't mean to say that you are

"Yas; whut o' that? D'ye think I'm

er goin' ter work when I'm gruntin?

Why, I hain't hode none in ther crap

this ye'r. Jest felt awful bad, an' couldn't do nothin' but hunt an' fish.

Thought I'd go to ther show ter day.

Reckon it'll be mouty nice, an' I don't

The man who smokes a vile cigar pro bly goes on the principle that if he can stand it his friends ought to.—Marchant Traveler.

Last winter's cost with the lining term mt, is fashiounde for affice weer. It should be described with red ink and 'mue'

going to the show and leave your

wife at home to plow the crop?"

"Going to walk all the way?"

Louis Magazine.

rideP

riend, in such haste?

er town to ther show."

"Sartainly. Why?"

"Your wife?"

"Hain't able."

"Yas, o' co'se."

and manhood of Edgar Allan Poe.

Chicago Times.

world over, for all female troubles, inflam-mation, cruel backaches, and internal dis-placements is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-scription. It is the only guaranteel cure. See guarantee on every bottle-wrapper. reaches of his intellect? How large a proportion of the audiences which have listened to the past fortnight of German opera have assembled in the name of music, animated by an honest admiration of Wagner or a genuine

eay after daily trial is a mistake? They say they know by test that Dobbans' Electric is most economical, purest and best. They have had 24 years to try it. You give it one Didn't Intend to Be Left. The Palatka (Fla.) Herald is responsible for the following: "A man at a small station on the Florida South-Many farmers in Oregon are literally throwing away potatoes; much of the last crop remains in the hands of the producers. ern railway the other day took down the mail sack, which was suspended on the crane, and hung himself there instead, so that he would not get left. When the fast mail came along and The acreage of spring wheat seems to have the route agent put out his catcher

declined in Wisconsin and Minnesota owing to the ravages of the chinch bug. and hauled in the man instead of the mail bag the fellow, in short breath, said: 'I've been left too many times by

this narrow-gauge road and I don't fitable business to stick to; and there are others who are following a line of business intend to get left any more if it kills others who are following a time of business which is manifestly unsulted to them. Now, when such is the case, you had better write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and see if they cannot give you a pointer. They have helped a great many men and women along the way to fortune, and now stand ready to assist you, too. Although Mr. James sneers at Poe, Mr. Howells does not deem him wor-

Those who go for berries should not retreat

Losemotives Bun by Soda.

Four locomotives, to be run by soda, which takes the place of fire under the boiler, have been built for service in the streets of Minneapolis, where steam engines are forbidden. The engine is about 16 feet long, entirely boxed in, with no smokestack or pipes, as there is no exhaust or refuse. Inside the boiler will be placed-live tons of soda, which, upon being dampened by a jet of steam, produces an intense heat. In about six hours the soda is throroughly saturated, when the action ceases. A stream of superheated steam from a stationary boiler is then forced through the soda, which drives out the moisture, and the soda is ready for use again. The exhaust steam from the cylinders is used to saturate the soda, and by this means all refuse is used. These engines are S'JACOBS OIL Chronic Neuralgia. Permanent Cu: ec. June 1 Suffered a long time with neuralpha fe was prescrated at times; gave St. Joseph Will prestrated at times; gave St. Joseph Oll a total have been antirely cared; no return. JESCHIAM ENSY, 1813 W. Lembard et , Salta, Mil. Permanent Curea.

My with was paralysed from neutable; the net vala a step; I bought St. Jacobe Dil; ab bettle was need she walked about; continue templetely cured Lar. JAS P. MURPHY. Permanent Cures. June 17, 1887.
Years ago had neuralgin; not subject to stated now the cure by use of St. Jacobs Oil was porn hent, there has been no recurrence of the penin addiction. E. W. SPANGLER, York, Punns. all refuse is used. These engines are the first of their kind that have been built in this country. They are said to have the same power as those used on New York elevated railroads. Soda engines are used in Berlin and other Euro pean cities, and they also traverse the St. Gothard tunnel, under the Alps, where sufficient ventilation cannot be

had to carry off the noxious gases which would be generated by a steam engine.



Mrs. Struckitt (who recently enter tained a count).—Have you ever had any foreign noblemen as guests?
Mrs. Manorborn (quietly).—No; only as servants.

Half Rate Harvest Excursions.

Will leave Chicago and Milwaukee via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. Raud WAY for points in Northern Iowa, Min nesota, South and North Dakota, Montana nesola, South and North Pakota, Montana, Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska, on August 6 and 20. September 10 and 21, tetober 8, 1889. Tickets good for return passage within 30 days from date of sale.

For further information, circulars showing rates of fare, maps, etc., address A. V. II. CARPENTER, General Passenger Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

It is proposed to establish a penal colon: on the Isla de Pinos, aboli-hing the pentien tiaries in the different cities in Cuba; also ; workhouse for vagrants.

The Wisest Gift.

"I bought my wife a velvet sack."
Thus proudly boasted Mr. Brown.
"She'll be, with that upon her back,
The best-dressed dame in town."

But velvet sack or diamond ring
Can bring no baim to suffering wife.
Favorite Prescription is the thing
To save her precious life.
The great and sovereign remedy, know the
world over, for all female troubles, inflam-

Dr. Pierce's Pelletts-gently laxative or ctively cathartic according to dose. 25

The citizens of Seattle, Washington Territory, have resolved to widen their streets and erect fire-proof buildings. Is it probable that what a million women

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thomp-son's Celebrated Eye Water.

"Stick to your business," is very good advice, but still there are a great many people in the world who have no regular and pro-

We recommend "Tansill's l'unch" Cigar. Kindness will often succeed where eminent

M. N. P. Co. CHICAGO, VOL. IV.-No. 12. IT MADE MOTHER

etc., and It has done her a world of good

cine that strengt, one the nerves.

G. H. Beens,
Orbison

Paine's Celery Compound is of unequaled due to women. It strengthens the nerves, guilates the kidneys, and has wonderful power curing the painful diseases with which wo-\$1 per bottle. Six for \$5. At Druggista.

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Paine's Celery Compound Strengthens and bulks up the old, and cures their infirmities. Riccumstism, indigestion and nervousness yield quickly to the curative power of Paine's Celery Compound.

"I am now is years old and have tried several remedies, but none had any effect until I used Paine's Celery Compound. I feel entirely dif-ferent for the short line I have used it. I can walk nearly straight, sleep sound and well, and feel as though there was new life and energy confine into my whale several."

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